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INDIANS IN TIOGA COUNTY,

Inquiry as to the Last Aboriginal Inhabitant of Tioga County

By ROBERT KENNEDY YOUNG

DELIVERED APRIL 8, 1907, BEFORE THE TIOGA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

To a society like ours, an inquiry as to what race, family tribe or nation of aborigines was the first, what the last, as revealed to us by the light of history or tradition, to inhabit that part of North America arbitrarily bounded by the limits of Tioga county must always be of interest. The pursuit of the fascinating first red man must be undertaken by some other member of the society, or perhaps by myself, when the great libraries and more time are available.

Since the first aborigine has eluded our grasp, I have been content to give some of the results of my inquiry as to the tribe or nationality of our aboriginal countrymen last to enjoy this paradise of forest and stream, beloved by us as our native land.

In the absence of a protest from the Indian, I hope none of my hearers will take umbrage at my reference to him as our "fellow countryman." I am reminded of Bayard Taylor's anecdote of a trip on foot into the interior of Bohemia in the days before the American had become a traveler abroad—a "globe trotter." He stopped for the night at a country hamlet, and being a stranger and evidently a foreigner was an object of curiosity to the villagers. But when they were told by the stranger that he was an American, their curiosity was blended with incredulity and suspicion, "for," said they, "we know better, we are not ignorant; Americans are red men."

The American Indian has been aptly called a child of nature, but to make a discriminating estimate of his seemingly paradoxical character is not an easy task. In him were united all the vices and all the arts which are resorted to, the world over, by the weak as a defense against the strong. And yet, blended with these vices and these arts were many of those lofty qualities which are always found associated with strength and courage. The first object of life was to sustain life, and to do this meant endless struggle for daily food. His life depended upon the skill with which he encountered the strongest and fiercest wild beasts, or the skill with which he used his bow and arrow or his tomahawk. Speaking generally, the abundance of crops, or the fertility of the soil was no concern of his; but the skill and deftness, the cunning and craft, which enabled him to outwit and circumvent the most timid, the most keen scented and keen sighted of animals, was vital to his existence.

Men of races less gifted in woodcraft were amazed at the

ease with which he followed a trail invisible to them. His sight excelled that of the most practiced mariner, and so surprising was his stealth that he could walk with rapidity over a cushion of fallen leaves and broken twigs to the very side of a browsing deer. The perfection with which he imitated the bark of the wolf, the blowing of the deer, the hoot of the owl, and the scream of the wildcat, was wont to deceive, not only men, but the creature imitated.

Physical courage and a kind of moral courage were to be found in him developed to a wonderful and amazing degree. He submitted to the tortures of his enemies, tortures the most dreadful which a ferocious and imaginative race could devise, with perfect fortitude. A fortitude as perfect and exalted as that exhibited by James Wolf on the plains of Abraham, by Montcalm at the same place on the same day, by Walter Raleigh on the gallows platform, or by others of the countless heroes who have "weathered the cape," as it were, in the crucial test of a violent death.

"While his ears were being lopped off, while his nose was being slit, while slices of flesh were being cut from his body and the bleeding wounds smeared with hot ashes, while his legs were roasting, while his arms were being wrenched with red-hot tongs, while his tormentors were drinking his blood and the flames leaped high about him, he shouted his death song with a steady and defiant voice, until his tongue was torn out, his heart was dug from his trunk, or his brains knocked out with a tomahawk."—McMaster's Hist. People U. S., Vol. 1, page 96.

In an extremity of physical danger, with all opportunity for the exercise of dissimulation, treachery or guile removed, the Indian was a man of unquestionable courage of the most sublime type. If one could fancy an Indian breaking silence at all under such circumstances, one might easily imagine him using the words of Caesar to the captain of the distressed vessel: "Fear not; your ship bears Caesar and his fortunes"; or under very similar circumstances he might have used the words of William of Orange, when in a row-boat, buffeted by the ice and current of the English Channel in the darkness and fog of a winter's night, he rebuked the dismayed and discouraged sailors with: "For shame! Are you afraid to die in my company?"

"The chief passion of this Indian of ours was war. But as much as he loved war, the open, bold, front-to-front warfare practiced by all civilized nations had no charms for him. To his mind it was not only folly but madness to kill an enemy at the risk of his own life, when he might circumvent him by cunning, over-power him by a sudden dash from an ambuscade, or shoot him in the back from behind a tree."—McMaster's Hist. People U. S., Vol. 1, Page 97.

At the battle of Steinkirk, the King's household troop formed part of Luxembourg's command. The troop was commanded by a youth known as the Duke of Charters, and the company was made up of the scions of the most ancient families in France, including besides the commander, two other Princes of the Blood-royal. After joining the army some days were spent in frivolities and much display of lace-trimmed velvet clothes. But suddenly the French were at-

tacked by the whole allied army. The attack must be repelled, and finally to their great joy, Luxemburg consented that the King's troop might lead the charge. Like butterflies, they were bedecked with lace and baubles, and gaily and jestingly charged an army in front. When the marshal gave the word, the troopers came on with their carbines slung at their backs. "No firing, sword in hand," ran all through the ranks of this terrible body; "Do it with the cold steel." Whatever of valor, courage, bravery, or heroism, was displayed by such conduct, was not understood by the American savage. By him this would be regarded as childish un wisdom and unmitigated waste of life.

The greatest of all earthly pleasures for him was when, in the stillness of the dead hour of the night, he aroused his sleeping enemies with that unearthly yell that has come to be one of the synonyms of things most dreadful, and scalped and massacred them without respect to age or sex in the light of their burning homes.

We have testimony from many cool and brave men, among them a man no less renowned than Sir William Johnson, of the horrid character of the Indian yell; how that no number of repetitions could strip it of its terrors; how that even though anticipated, no heart was stout enough to resist a qualm at its dreadful utterance; how that the most experienced and most steadfast stood momentarily paralyzed at the first sound of this fiendish note; how that to the very last, at the sound of it, the blood ran cold, thought as well as action seemed suspended, and the heart seemed to cease to beat.

The contrast which this savage nature presented in peace and war was indeed striking. In time of war, when the hatchet was dug up, the pipe of peace broken, the war-dance danced out, the incantations finished, the medicine men consulted and the chiefs and sachems had ended their "big talks," then all was activity. On the war path he was patient, tireless and undaunted. He would tramp all day in the depth of winter, wade morasses, ford streams, breast snow drifts waist deep, and lie down at night hungry and fireless, wrapt in a scanty robe, to his miserable rest, with perfect stoicism.

But after the campaign has ended and the peace-pipe has passed around, and the wampum belts have been exchanged, then it is that we see the other side of this astonishing character. He is lazy and filthy. He gives himself over to sleep, gluttony, debauchery, gambling and sloth. He is like a child in fancy, but unlike men of other races in reason. To attribute to him fancy, merely, is not sufficient. He has more than fancy; he has imagination. As is natural to a being with lively imagination, unrestrained or corrected by the faculty of logical reasoning, he is intensely superstitious. Everything animate and inanimate is clothed by him with supernatural attributes.

But of the chivalrous attitude towards the other sex, of the romantic sentiment of love, he was an utter stranger. Misery or illness, misfortune or the sight of suffering, excited no pity in him. Pity was absent from the Indian breast; affection for children, affection for his squaw was never

manifested by any of the marks which enable us to measure such sentiment. His squaw was his slave, and he brought her to his wigwam to perform the meanest menial duties, and to administer to his wants. He exhibited no more affection for "Laughing Waters" or "Starlight" than a rabbit does for its mate, nor did he gratify the mother by any seeming affection for his off-spring. If he traveled, as most did, the squaw trudged along bearing the principal burden, including the pappoose, and if the brave possessed a horse, it was led by the squaw, who still carried the pappoose, the horse bearing the wigwam and the few rude domestic utensils of stone or sun-baked clay, the Lord of the outfit stalking ahead free-handed. If in time of peace and repose, the squaw gathered the fuel, hetched the soil, planted the maize, cared for it and harvested the crop. She decorated her Lord's clothing with that peculiar bead and feather work so characteristic of the race. War and the chase were his only serious occupations, and all manual labor, all domestic care, and all drudgery fell upon the squaw.

The high-flown, poetical and chivalrous heroes whom we meet in the novels and poems of Cooper and Longfellow never existed elsewhere.

Speaking of James Fenimore Cooper, a digression may be permitted here to call attention to the noteworthy assertion made by McMaster in his "History of the People of the United States," which is now partly out of press, with reference to the great, the unique distinction, belonging to Cooper, of being not only the author of the first intensely American book written by an American author, but that when we met "Leatherstocking" we were introduced to the first and only original character our countrymen have ever given to literature.

The Indian, male as well as female, was exceedingly fond of bright colors. The most stolid and sedate brave would go into ecstasies at sight of a red flannel shirt, or a string of variegated beads, and he would willingly purchase a piece of bright-hued cotton cloth by paying many times its value in fine furs.

While at the Buffalo Exposition in 1902, I visited the Indian Village and spent some time there well entertained. The chief attraction of the Indian exhibit, as all may remember, was the United States Government's prisoner, the famous Geronimo, the conquered chief of the Apaches. General Miles, who, assisted by those renowned Indian fighters, Generals Crook and Lawton, finally subdued him and his tribe, after the most protracted of all Indian campaigns, described him as the most blood-thirsty and cruel of mankind. After one of the shooting and riding exhibitions given regularly every day, my companion and self slipped into the enclosure and got somewhat behind the scenes. While standing near what seemed to be a sort of store-room, containing some brooms, paint pails, pieces of lumber, barrels, etc., we were delighted to observe Geronimo wandering aimlessly towards us, being off duty between exhibitions, and seeming to seek solitude. He walked into the little room and, keenly examining everything, spied a barrel half filled with yellow ochre. He wet his index finger,

dipped it into the barrel, threw a quick, furtive glance our way, placed his finger at the juncture of his eye-brows and drew a broad yellow band down his broad copper-colored nose. He was then an old man, and I was reminded of "ruling passion strong in death."

But I am admonished that I must cease my general observations and become more specific. Before doing so, however, I wish to venture an opinion, that, speaking largely and taking the average member of any race as the standard of measure, I doubt if the most highly civilized people present a more complex mental and moral organization than this same American savage.

At the period when Rene Robert Cavilier, *Seur De La Salle*, parted with Count Frontenac at Quebec, resolved to traverse the Mississippi to its mouth, the Indians east of that river might have been divided into three great families, the Mobilian, the Algonquin and the Iroquois.

"Foremost in war, foremost in eloquence, foremost in the savage arts of policy, stood the fierce people called by themselves *Hoden-os-aunee*, and by the French the Iroquois." ("The Conspiracy of Pontiac," Vol. 1, Page 99, Parkman.) This name has come to be applied to a whole family of the same blood, but as originally applied it included only those tribes which are of present interest to us; those dwelling within the present limits of the State of New York. The Iroquois, in the limited application of the name, and as we think of them, consisted of five tribes distributed across the state from east to west in the order named: the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas.

They were a stationary people and abode along the banks of the Mohawk river, among the hills and hollows of Onondaga; in the forest of Oneida and Cayuga and around the picturesque shores of Lake Seneca and on the banks of the beautiful Genesee, for many generations before the advent of the White Man.

With all their mental superiority they had not advanced in the arts of living beyond their Algonquin neighbors, except in the matter of agriculture, which had, compared with the conditions of the same art in Europe, reached no mean state of development. Denonville, in 1687, and Count Frontenac, nine years later, found the maize fields extending fully six miles from their villages, and found immense stores of corn among the Seneca settlements and at Onondaga. And General Sullivan in 1779 spoke with astonishment of the qualities of food stuffs, consisting of corn, beans and squashes, found among the Cayuga and Seneca settlements, and of the extent and number and age of the apple orchards.

Their geographical location, in a comparatively level country, conveniently intersected in all directions by rivers, lakes and the great inland seas, together with their stationary habits and agricultural arts, no doubt contributed largely to their dominating superiority. "But the true fountain of their success is to be found in their inherent energy, wrought to the most effective action under a political fabric well suited to the Indian life; in their mental and moral organization; in their insatiable ambition and restless ferocity."—"The Conspiracy of Pontiac," Vol. 1, Page 11,

Parkman. In their scheme of government, as in their social customs and religious observances, the Iroquois displayed, in full symmetry and matured strength, the characteristics which in other tribes are merely indicated, or have been withered at the root, or are faintly visible in an imperfect germ. Each of the five tribes had an organization of its own. Each had sachems and subordinate chiefs who regulated its internal affairs; but when any matter arose which concerned the whole confederacy, when foreign powers were to be treated with, war to be declared, peace to be concluded; whenever deliberation seemed to be desirable, then all the Sachems of the several tribes were convened in the great Council House at Onondaga, and no matter how great the excitement or how momentous the occasion, the sessions were conducted with a dignity and decorum, with a strict and undeviating adherence to immemorial customs and rules of procedure, which would have excited the wonder and admiration of the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, the English House of Lords or the United States Senate.

But the true secret of the indestructible vitality of the Iroquois confederacy, which recognized no law and no authority to enforce law, except the moral law of tradition and custom or usage, was the system of totemship. "It was this which gave the structure its elastic strength, and but for this, a mere confederacy of jealous and warlike tribes must soon have been rent asunder by shocks from without or discord from within."—"The Conspiracy of Pontiac," Vol. 1, Page 13, Parkman. At some period lost to history it is probable that all the scattered tribes of the Iroquois family formed a single nation. For it is certain that notwithstanding their separation into tribes, beneath and irrespective of their tribal union, the whole family were bound together by eight totemic clans. These totemic clans (the word clan being used to avoid confusion with tribe or family) were bound together with the closest possible ties of fraternity, and must not be confused with the tribal organization or with the organization of the Iroquois confederacy. Thus the confederacy was knitted together, not only by tribal ties and the confederated ties of the five tribes, but by the singular and mysterious totemic institution which formed an additional eight-fold bond, and to this hour the remnants of these clans cling together, even as against their tribal allegiance, with invincible tenacity. To different totems attach different degrees of rank and dignity. That of the bear may be entitled to name the chief Sachem of the tribe; or that of the wolf may be entitled to perform certain mystic or religious rites, and so on; but each man is proud of his badge and will maintain its dignity and claim to rank, with his eloquence or with his life. One of the sage customs interwoven with this system of moral government, the importance of which can not be over-estimated in any consideration of this unique policy, was the custom of descent in the female line. The rudiments of this custom seem to have been general among all families and tribes, but the Iroquois adhered to it with great rigidity and with evident advantage. The office of Sachem must pass not to the late chief's son, but to his younger brother, or to his sister's son, or to some collat-

eral kinsman descended in the female line. Thus the Sachem's power is constantly deflected into the collateral branches of his family, and one of the strongest temptations to ambition was cut off. Members of the same totemic clan never inter-married. And if a brave of the totem of the otter married a squaw of the totem of the eagle, their offspring belonged to the totem of the eagle, and not of the otter. As has been said, the order of descent was a custom merely, but an inflexible custom. The Indian had no laws and recognized no executive power authorized to coerce or discipline or punish him. Every man was the avenger of his own wrong, and even the great Council at Onondaga had no power to compel the execution of its decree. It is a remarkable fact, and one highly to the honor of the Indian character, that reverence for custom and ancient usage, mere moral power, exercised an authority over him which he would not yield to any other power on earth.

A minute study of this marvelous democracy of the forest, with its cunning restraints, balances and counterbalances upon the elementary impulses of the human soul and heart, might raise an interesting query as to whether this system does not deserve a place in that galaxy of ideal republics made up of More's "Utopia," Bacon's "New Atlantis," Campanella's "City of the Sun," etc.

When Jaques Cartier first saw the St. Lawrence — as late even as when Samuel Champlain first saw the enchanting lake which bears his name, the field of activity, or to use a phrase dignified by international diplomacy, the Iroquois' "Sphere of Influence" was confined within the limits of the territory now embraced by the state of New York. But by the middle of the 17th century they had reached their maximum in the solidity and tenacity of their confederacy; had attained their greatest numerical strength and physical development; had cultivated that insensate ferocity and inordinate pride which led them to regard all other races or tribes as children or as "women," to the highest imaginable degree, and seemed in all essentials mature as a race, for that extraordinary quarter century of conquest, which I venture to suggest, has never been excelled in the matter of the territory covered in the annals of history. Their geographical location contributed to their success. On the east their natural territory adjoined those New England tribes which occupied so much of the attention of the early Puritan. These New England tribes were all of the Algonquin family. The same may be said of the country on the northeast and north of the Iroquois. On the northwest were other tribes of the Iroquois family—the Wyandotes or Hurons, the Neutrals and Tobacco or Didondadies nations. On the west in closest proximity came the Eries, and southwest and south the Andastes, both of which were also members of the Iroquois family; and southeast, that great tribe known to themselves as the Lenni Lenape and to the English as the Delawares.

Thus we see that with the exception of the Tuscaroras, far far to the south, all of the Iroquois family, in and out of the confederacy, may fancifully be said to form an island entirely surrounded by the great Algonquin family. In

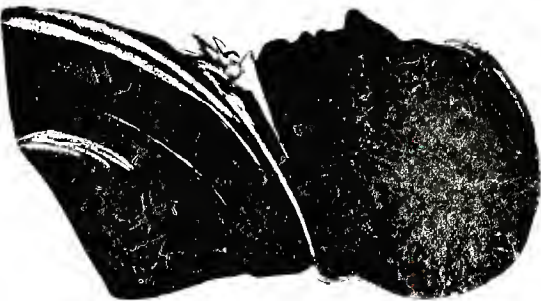
1649 the cyclone broke. The Hurons, their kindred, and the allies of the French, were the first to receive the onslaught of the Iroquois. In a single winter's campaign the power of the Hurons was broken; as a nation they were destroyed; some took refuge in the frozen regions of Lake Superior; some fled toward Quebec, where they found a permanent refuge, and some were absorbed by the Iroquois, after the insensate fury of the squaws had been satiated with the tortures of the captives.

This custom of adoption by the Iroquois was common, and was expressed by a word which meant "flesh cut into pieces and scattered among the tribes," the brave being sent to one tribe, the squaw to another, and the pappoose to still another.

The Neutrals were the next to fall, followed by the Eries, who in turn were followed by the Andastes, the Delawares, the Abenakis and the Ottawas, a numerous people inhabiting the borders of the rivers bearing their name,—all in turn sank under the relentless fury of the confederacy. In the north, in the west and in the south, the Iroquois' conquests embraced every adjacent tribe; and meanwhile and at one and the same time, their war parties were harassing the French colonists in Canada, with re-iterated and almost continuous inroads, and were yelling the war-hoop under the very walls of Quebec.

Thus, in a period of less than a quarter century, the nations most brave and powerful of the North American savages yielded to the arms of the confederacy. Nor did their triumphs end here. Within the same short space, they penetrated the mountain fastnesses of the Cherokees and Chocktaws in west Georgia and the Carolinas, with repeated and devastating forays; spread havoc and dismay among the distant Illinois; and on the east, the tribes of New England fled in terror and without resistance at the first peal of the demoniac yell of the Mohawk. "Nor was it the Indians alone who quailed before this ferocious valor." The Colony of New France, the darling dream of the Grand Monarque, was sport in their hands; they defied the power of Denonville, they jeered at the threats of the redoubtable Frontenac; all Canada shook with the fury of their onset; the people fled to the forts for their lives; the blood-be-smear'd conquerors roamed from settlement to settlement like howling wolves, and while they scoffed at the power of the great Sun King, his colony and his subjects trembled on the brink of ruin.

When the year 1675 had been reached every tribe and nation from Quebec to Lake Superior; from the Mississippi to the Atlantic; from the Ottawa on the north to the regions of the Cherokees on the south, acknowledged submission to the savage fury, the merciless craft, and the houndless pride of the confederacy. Even the Delawares, pre-eminent in the Algonquin family, and respectfully referred to by the honorable designation of Grand-father of the family, were paying annual tribute to the confederacy at the very time of the making of the famous treaty under the oak at Kensington with Penn, and publicly acknowledged their subjection and humiliation by recognizing and responding, when addressed



MR. AND MRS. JOHN NORRIS

by an Iroquois, to the designation of "women."

When we pause and consider the numerical strength of this haughty power, and discover that at the beginning of what might be called their foreign conquests, when they were undoubtedly more numerous than at any other time; when we become satisfied from the most reliable authorities that the united cantons of the dreaded confederacy could not have mustered more than four thousand fighting men, "we stand amazed at the folly and dissensions among their victims which left so vast a region the prey of a handful of bold marauders."

Such ferocious rage for slaughter as is presented by this picture gives justification for the belief expressed either by Fiske or Parkman, that the advent of the White Man in America positively retarded the destruction and prolonged the existence of the American aborigine—such was the devastating fury of their warfare with each other.

I doubt if any territory in the United States east of the Mississippi of equal extent is so destitute of Indian interests as that triangle in Pennsylvania bounded north by the New York boundary line, east and southeast by the east branch of the Susquehanna, and west and southwest by the west branch of the Susquehanna. It is mountainous, almost without lakes, and difficult of travel on foot, except in certain narrow trails, few in number. As a last resort for big game it was ideal, and that it was regarded by the Indian as a hunting ground merely, and that it contained no important permanent settlement seems to be provable and admitted.

That there were at least three well-known trails passing through the territory embraced within this county is easily susceptible of proof; and that there were many convenient stopping places, used from year to year as camping grounds, is also provable. These trails or foot paths and these camping grounds, sometimes long unused and sometimes busy thoroughfares, will, I hope, form the subject of an interesting paper by some member of the Society. But owing to its growing length, they must not be discussed in this paper, and I shall finish this rather inconclusive article with a few more general observations.

Can it be doubted that by the end of the third quarter of the seventeenth century the Iroquois roamed through our county with the same feeling of security and proprietary rights that he felt on the shores of Cayuga Lake? No North American savage could at that time presume to trespass so near the seat of that dread power. While it is true that the Iroquois' sphere of influence was somewhat restricted during the period between 1675 and 1775, yet it was due to the encroachments of the white man, and not to any of their savage rivals, and the Iroquois remained stationary for a longer period and to a later date than any other of the savage nations. By 1775 the most eastern settlements of any consequence belonging to the Delawares were on the Ohio, and although their prowess and valor had removed the stigma of "women," they never assumed, unaided by the white man, to question again the superiority of the Iroquois.

Can it be doubted that a people who would joyfully un-

dertake a journey on foot, and perhaps in the winter season, to the Maine woods, or to the savannahs of Georgia, or to the shores of the Mississippi, would regard our beloved hills and valleys, distant fifty or a hundred miles from their ancient seats, in much the same sense that we regard our Woodland Park? I think not. I think the popular belief that the last of the aborigines to frequent this territory were the Senecas is correct. They were in closest proximity, their seats being due north; nature had provided them with a natural thoroughfare, which was not the case with the other nations; they were at all periods of the confederacy the most numerous, being in fact more numerous than any two of the other nations at the zenith of the confederacy's strength, and comprising about nine twentieths of the total number of the confederated braves.

If the last visitation of the Indian to Tioga county could have been realized at the time, as such, what interest the visit should have excited! Who he was, what tribe he descended from, when and where the visitation occurred, would furnish a subject for an interesting, though perhaps fruitless inquiry. But if some interloper of the white race, imbued with the spirit of this society, had asked this last red man who he was, it is conformable to the facts of history that his naturally spare and athletic body would have been straightened with the pride of conscious superiority, the most striking characteristic of his race; that he would have tossed his large and Tartar-like countenance in the air and have announced, with a grunt of condescension, "I am a Seneca."

I acknowledge my dependence on the following authorities in the preparation of this paper: Larned's "History for Ready Reference"; McMaster's "History of the People of the United States"; Dr. William H. Eagle's "History of Pennsylvania," his reliance being placed on Heckewelder, Charlevoix and other Moravian and Jesuit relations; Parkman's historical works, the titles to which I need not mention; the First, Second and Nineteenth annual reports of the Director of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, and other works.

First impression of the Indian, derived from Cooper's novels.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WELSH SETTLEMENT IN TIOGA COUNTY

Paper Read Before the Tioga County Historical Society,
December 12, 1910.

By MRS. E. H. OWLETT.

In the settlement of Tioga county two streams of immigration may be noted, one coming in from the north, the earliest, and comprising people from the New England States, New York and New Jersey; the other coming in from the south, and comprising people from Philadelphia and its vicinity. Immigration from the north entered largely by way of the Tioga river, hence the name of the first political division—Tioga township. Immigration from the south had its source largely in Delaware and Maryland, hence the name of the second political division—Delmar township, Delmar being composed of the first syllable of each state name.

Among the various nationalities which came in with the southern stream of immigration were the Welsh settlers, some of whom later formed a community by themselves, known as "The Welsh Settlement," which is the subject of this paper. It is situated southwest of Cherry Flats, in Charleston township, and embraces an area of about nine square miles.

In writing a history of "the Welsh Settlement," the first question we naturally ask ourselves is in regard to its origin, its reason for being. Wales is a far-away country. How did it happen that people from that country crossed the seas and all the vast intervening wilderness to occupy that particular portion of Tioga county known as "The Welsh Settlement?"

To answer this question in regard to individual families is a task beyond the scope of such a paper as this, but it may be answered in a general way, thus suggesting the lines along which individual investigation may be carried. If we follow back to its source the stream of immigration of which the Welsh Settlers of Tioga county were a part, we find ourselves in "The Great Welsh Tract" near Philadelphia, obviously the explanation, directly or indirectly, of the Welsh in our vicinity. Thus it seems fitting to spend a little time at this, the source of the stream, that we may better understand its quiet inlet at our doors.

Concerning the community of people occupying "The Great Welsh Tract" near Philadelphia, we take the following paragraphs from Robert Proud's History of Pennsylvania—one of the first ever published:

"Among those early adventurers and settlers who ar-

rived about this time were also many from Wales, of those who are called ancient Britons, and mostly Quakers. Divers of these early Welsh settlers were persons of excellent and worthy character, and several of good education, family and estate. They had early purchased of the proprietary in England forty thousand acres of land. Those who came at present (1680) took up so much of it in the west side of the Schuylkill river as made the three townships of Merion, Haverford and Radnor, and a few years after their number was so much augmented as to settle the three other townships of Newton, Goshen and Uwchland. After this they continued still increasing and became a numerous and flourishing people."

From a history entitled "Merion and the Welsh Tract with Sketches of the Townships of Haverford and Radnor," by Thomas Allen Glenn, I take the following selections:

After describing the persecutions of the Welsh Quakers in their home land, he says: "It was therefore with great thankfulness and with hearts yearning for peace and rest that the Cymric Quakers heard that William Penn had secured in the New World an asylum for the persecuted, and thence after a short space of preparation they journeyed, bringing with them to their new home their religion, their language and their honor."

Glenn further says:

"In education, industry and practical ability the Welsh planters had no superiors and few equals among the early colonists. No people ever landed upon Pennsylvania soil so well equipped by birth and fortune to cope with those perilous emergencies so frequently arising in a new country, as the Cymric Quakers. They were no pauper class, subsisting upon the charity of the proprietor or any other philanthropists, but a body of selfreliant and earnest men with ample fortune in their hands, seeking amid the primeval forests of Pennsylvania a home of liberty where, undisturbed by priest or sheriff, they could worship God in their own fashion. Of these Welsh Quakers it has been remarked, and truly, that they were not only the first ministers, but the first statesmen, the first lawyers, and the first physicians of Pennsylvania. One of them, Dr. Thomas Wynne, presided over the first Assembly; the Deputy Governor, Thomas Lloyd; the Register General, Thomas Ellis; the first Attorney General, and the first Deputy Surveyors, besides a large proportion of the earlier justices and members of the Council and Provincial Assembly were men of Welsh blood."

Concerning the descendants of these early Welsh settlers, Glenn's history further says:

"The importance of the early Welsh emigration to Pennsylvania and the excellent result following the infusion of Cymric blood into the veins of later generations of Pennsylvanians cannot well be overestimated. In the municipal government of Philadelphia during the colonial period and during the first half of the 19th century, the descendants of the Welsh Friends bore a distinguished part. A score of the early mayors were of Cymric lineage. Of the judges of the various courts and of the most eminent of the members

of the bar of the city and state, down to the present day, a very large proportion trace to the settlers of Merion, Radnor and Haverford. It is a curious fact worthy of remark that the entire medical history of Philadelphia, beginning with Dr. Thomas Wynne, Dr. Griffith and Dr. Edward Jones, * * * and continuing through a long line of the most celebrated physicians and surgeons of our own day, is directly traceable through ancestry or influence to Welsh blood."

In tracing the connection, near or remote, between these settlers of "The Great Welsh Tract" and the Welsh settlers of our vicinity, the first fact of interest noted is the relation of the Morris family, of Philadelphia, so closely identified with Tioga county, to the Welsh Colony. In the three volume history of the Morris family by Robert C. Moon, we find that Anthony Morris, the mariner, the first of that name, was, according to tradition, of Welsh extraction, although probably a native of Barbadoes, in the West Indies. His son, Anthony Morris, 2d, who afterwards emigrated to America, married for his first wife Mary Jones, the name being Welsh, although her nationality is not noted. His son, William Morris, of the third generation, married Rebecca Cadwalader, while a nephew of William married her sister, Hannah Cadwalader. The Cadwalader family was one of the most distinguished of the Welsh families in Merion township. Its ancestral line is traced back, in Glenn's history, to 1585, while, through one of the women of the family, Gwenhwyfer, bride of Evan the red-haired, it can be traced still further back, she being the granddaughter of Sir David Gam, who was slain at Agincourt in 1415, being knighted by Henry V. as his last breath was escaping on the field of battle. John Cadwalader, the founder of the family in America, was born in Wales, but removed to Pennsylvania in 1697. Here he married a daughter of Dr. Edward Jones, and granddaughter of Dr. Thomas Wynne, both of prominent families in the Welsh community. John Cadwalader was a member both of the Common Council and the Provincial Council. One daughter, Mary, married Judge Samuel Dickinson and became the mother of John Dickinson, while two others daughters, Hannah and Rebecca, married Samuel Morris and his nephew, as above stated. Passing on, we find that Anthony Morris, 4th of that name, married Sarah Powell, a member of another Welsh family, who trace their ancestry directly to the Princes of Powis, and ancient royal line of Wales. Samuel Morris, a son of Anthony and Sarah Powell Morris, married Rebecca Wistar, whose son, Benjamin Wistar Morris, was so intimately connected with the early history of Tioga county. Again Benjamin Wistar Morris married Mary Wells, a great-great-granddaughter of Thomas Lloyd, perhaps the most distinguished member of the Welsh Colony. Concerning the Lloyds of Dolobran, Glenn's history says: "There is no house within the parish of Maifod, in Montgomeryshire, Wales, to which, or to the family once belonging to it, a more singular or more interesting history is attached than to Dolobran. This ancient family was seated at Dolobran for many generations, from 1476 to 1780, and trace their lineage to a

remote period of geneology. Dolobran Hall, which is prettily situated overlooking the Vyrnwy, is now merely used as a farm house, and the old meeting-house which stands close by, built by Charles Lloyd the Quaker about 1660, has of late years been gradually dismantled of its carved oak gallery and panellings. There is strong reason for believing that William Penn worshipped, and not improbably preached, in this old Quaker chapel."

Thomas Lloyd of Dolobran, founder of the family in America, was born in Wales, Feb. 17, 1640, and died in Pennsylvania, Sept. 10, 1694. He was president of the Provincial Council of the Colony of Penn from 1684 to 1688, and was first Deputy Governor of Pennsylvania under William Penn. Thus we see that in Benjamin Wistar Morris and Mary Wells Morris two Welsh families were united whose ancestral line may be traced by authentic records to a time previous to the discovery of America.

Still another Welsh family directly connected with Tioga county Morrisises is the Ellis family—Judge Samuel Morris, of Wellsboro, marrying Anna Ellis, and Rebecca Morris, his sister, marrying William Cox Ellis. These Ellises were descendants of Thomas Ellis, a prominent pioneer of the Great Welsh Tract, and this line is unbroken from Thomas Ellis, the head of the family in America, through nine generations to those little citizens of Wellsboro known to many of us, Charles Frederick Miller, Ernestine Miller Niles, and Catherine Morris Niles. So interesting is the history of the Ellis family, and so intimately is it connected with Tioga county, stretching back through two centuries and a half, from the quiet farm now occupied by Mr. T. J. Davies, of Welsh Settlement, to another of Merionethshire, Wales, once occupied by Thomas Ellis, peaceful farm situated among the picturesque hills and vales that I think is worth while to give it here somewhat in detail.

Thomas Ellis was born in Merionethshire, Wales, in 1635. From the autobiography of Richard Davies, in the thirteenth volume of "The Friends' Library," some particulars of Thomas Ellis's life and character in his native country are given. He is spoken of as a man of great esteem in his own congregation before he became a Quaker, and also afterwards among his new found religious friends. The chronicle goes on to relate: "As for our friend Thomas Ellis, the Lord blessed him and poured his spirit upon him and gave him part of the ministry, and he became a faithful laborer and serviceable man among us; and at length he was made a prisoner here at Welsh-Pool," (This because of his Quaker faith). "In the sixth month, 1660, he, with a number of others, was arrested at a religious meeting, and with much abuse were driven twenty miles on foot to a town called Bala, where, for the conscientious refusal to swear, they were put in fetters and sent twelve miles further to prison. In this prison they were kept about fifteen weeks, during which they suffered much abuse and hard usage." "Twice again they were arrested, and the last time they were confined in a hole in which the marshal had been accustomed to keep his hogs. They were much expos-

ed to the weather in time of rain, not being able to find dry spots to lie down upon, and this, together with the noise of the swine who at night clustered round their usual lodging place, prevented the prisoners getting much rest. They were kept in this pig-sty for ten weeks and were then removed to another prison, where they for a time did not receive proper nourishment and had to sleep upon the floor." Again and again the chronicle records similar experiences in the life of Thomas Ellis and his Quaker friends, till the severity of the persecution finally turned their hearts away from their native land to the newly acquired province of Pennsylvania, as a refuge from their trials. In 1682 Thomas Ellis made preparations for bringing his family to America, and early in the following year came over with his wife, two sons and three daughters. Out of several large tracts of land that he had purchased in the new province, he chose for his residence one of those located in the township of Haverford, west. The friends he left expressed their love and esteem in the following certificate, which is copied from the records of Radnor Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania:

"A Testimony from ye County of Pembrock in South Wales Concerning o' Deare frind and

"BROTHER THOMAS ELLIS

"Whereas, we are given to und'rstand that o'r deare frind Thomas Ellis, wife, and family, doe intend to remove themselves for Penn-Sylvania in America, he Being a man that for many yeares have Traveled amongst us: And for some time Resident in these Parts we thought it o'r duty to give this o'r Testemony in his Behalfe.

"Our deare friend is a man of Tender Sperit and often Broken before the Lord; the sence of the power of an endless life being upon him: his testemony for the Lord and his trueth hath been very weighty to the reaching the Consciences of many, his labour in the Lord hath been very effectual being endued w'th an Excelent gift in opening of deepe devine mysteryes. And as to the Innocency of his Conversation in general (w'ch is the most evident token of trueth and Sincerity) we have this to say: we know few like him, for in that God hath made him an adorning to the doctrine of the Gospell; neither can we omitt mentioning his deepe Travel care and desiers for the prosperitie of the trueth: his Labours in the Lord hath not been in vaine: he is owned by us to be a selfe denying man truely Sent of God & diligently seeking the good of all: his Imprisonments hath been many and difficult w'th spoyling of goods upon trueth's accompts. All which was borne by him in that patience w'ch is the gift of God: for the satisfaction of those whom it may or shall concern, we have hereunto subscribed o'er names at o'r Monthly meeting at Redstone in the afor-s'd county of Pembrock the Second day of ye Seaventh month 1683. (Signed by) Edward Lord, John Poyer, John Bourge, James Thomas, William Jenkins, Evan Bowen, Lewis James, James Lewis, Richard White, David John, David Rees, Peregrine Musgrave."

Many interesting details of his life in America might be given if time afforded. He was one of William Penn's commissioners and spent much time in Philadelphia, where he held public trusts under the government. On July 28, 1687, he was commissioned Registrar General for the province and held the office till his decease. He died in 1688, and his body was interred in the burial ground at Haverford Meetinghouse. Ellis Ellis, the eldest son of Thomas Ellis, was born in Wales. He came to Pennsylvania with his father, in 1683, and settled in Haverford township. His son, Benjamin Ellis, removed to East-town township, where he bought a tract of land; and there, in 1751, was born his son, William Ellis, who was destined to have not a little to do with the early history of Tioga county. William Ellis received a good education and for a few years engaged in teaching. But enterprise seemed to be natural to him, and later we find recorded a sale of his property at East-town for £133. This sale was probably preparatory to his purchase of land in the beautiful valley of the Munsey, on the West Branch of the Susquehanna. Here he built, in a fine locality, a house, and planted a garden and orchard, and hither, after the many vicissitudes of war, he brought his wife, Mercy Cox, of Hartford county, Maryland. They were married in 1785. For a number of years William Ellis was a land agent and surveyor of lands in this part of the state, and in 1789 was appointed surveyor general of the lands lying in the district from which McKean, Potter and Tioga counties were formed. In 1804 he was appointed one of the commissioners to define the boundaries of the three new counties, and later was appointed Trustee of Tioga county. His daughter, Anna, became the wife of Judge Wistar Morris, as stated above, and jointly with her husband conveyed to its next owner the farm in Welsh Settlement now belonging to Mr. T. J. Davies.

Thus we may trace in imagination a line, compacted of many subtle ties and relationships, stretching from Wales, without a break, across the seas and intervening wilderness to the center of Welsh Settlement in Tioga county.

This farm now owned by T. J. Davies, as stated above, is the first tract of land on record in the Recorder's office sold and deeded by the Bingham estate after the county was organized in 1804. It is also the first tract of land in the Welsh Settlement owned by Welsh people. Its history in brief is as follows:

About the year 1805 Harris Hotchkiss squatted on a tract of land containing 205 acres adjoining the holdings of Timothy Culver, who was also a squatter. The Hotchkiss and the Culver holdings were sold and deeded to them by the Bingham estate, the deeds dated May 7, 1811, for a consideration of five shillings for each holding, the inference being that the land was practically given to them to hold them as permanent settlers and thus induce others to settle near them. (This Harris Hotchkiss was the grandfather of Darius H. Hotchkiss, of Wellsboro.)

Harris Hotchkiss sold this tract to Samuel W. Morris for \$100, and it was known thereafter as the "Judge Morris lot." The subsequent transfers of deeds were as follows:

Anna Morris, Daniel Williams, Moses Calkins, Abram Hart, William J. Richards, John A. Bowen, David E. Bowen and Thomas J. Davies, its present owner—60 acres of the tract having been in his possession 43 years. It is interesting to note that this tract of land, the first purchased in the Welsh Settlement, is almost exactly in the geographical center of the settlement, and upon it are located the church and school buildings—the religious and education centers of a thrifty and prosperous community.

We may sum up the facts thus far presented as follows:

First: Philadelphia, because of "The Great Welsh Tract" in its vicinity, became the distributing point for the Welsh immigrant into the industrial and agricultural districts of our state.

Second: Through the instigation and encouragement of the Morris and Wells families and of their influential Welsh kinsmen, this distribution naturally included Tioga county.

Having thus endeavored to show that a Welsh settlement in Tioga county was the result of causes by no means obscure, we will pass to a consideration of a few of the individual families who formed the community.

The first Welsh settler of Welsh Settlement of whom we have any account was Evan Harris. He came up from Philadelphia about 1830 as a surveyor employed by the Bingham Estate. He was also a school teacher and later was appointed Justice-of-the-Peace for District No. 6, (comprising the townships of Covington, Bloss, Rutland, Richmond, Union and part of Liberty.) The date of his commission, obtained from files in the Recorder's Office, was January 24, 1837. Evan Harris settled on a lot of land about one-half mile south from Ely's corner, on the State road. This land was assessed as 90 acres in 1835. Here Harris built a log house, but some time after sold his holdings and removed to the Wyoming Valley. The present owner and occupant is Thomas L. Davis.

As early as 1830 came also Daniel Williams, who settled on the East and West State road, about two and one-quarter miles west of Cherry Flats on the south side of the road. Here he built a frame house of sawed lumber about 200 feet from the road. Concerning this house, Mr. T. J. Davies says: "From diligent inquiry we believe this to be the first frame house erected in the Settlement by the Welsh settlers, and the only one of that kind and period still standing and inhabited, without any material change or alteration." Mr. Williams came direct from Wales to Philadelphia, and thence to the settlement the usual way from the south—up the West Branch of the Susquehanna and Pine creek, over the State road from Newburg to Wellsboro. He was evidently possessed of considerable means for that period, as later he sold his holding in Charleston township and removed to Canoe Camp, where he built a commodious dwelling in the northern limits of the village. This house is also still standing and occupied. Later he sold this property and removed to Blossburg, where he erected a brick dwelling-house on the west side of the Williamson road. This house also still remains, is well preserved and neatly kept—a noted landmark well remembered by all the old residents of that

town as the first brick building erected in Blossburg. It is indeed an interesting object lesson in home-building for the present generation. Mr. T. J. Davies, a resident of Blossburg in his boyhood, remembers Mr. Williams well and says of him: "Here he lived a retired life, respected and honored by all who knew him." The permanency of his work as a pioneer citizen reflected the character of the man.

The original property owned by Mr. Williams in Welsh Settlement passed into the hands of Daniel Burns, and was afterwards known as "the Burns place." The present owner and occupant of the house and a part of the land is Daniel A. Evans.

Sometime previous to the year 1830 there came from Wales to Philadelphia a man by the name of Lewis Lewis. He remained there some months, working at his trade as a blacksmith, but during the year 1830 came to the Welsh Settlement in Tioga county and located on land one-half mile south of the Evan Harris lot, on what is now called the "Welsh road." Here he built a log house and smithy and for many years did blacksmith work for his neighbors, in addition to his farm work. After he died the place passed into the possession of Evan Lewis, his eldest son, who afterwards sold it to its present owner, Mr. Thos. L. Davies, he himself removing to an adjoining farm.

In 1830 came also (directly from Wales) William Davis, and Miles and Peggie Harris. These five "1830" settlers all located on what has from that time been called the Welsh road.

In 1832 there arrived from Wales David Walters, who was by occupation a mason and stone cutter. He also located on the Welsh road, building a frame house on his land. In 1838 he sold his holdings to Walter Morgans and moved further into the wilderness. Mr. Walters was employed in the building of the Court House, and these walls by which we are surrounded contain a mute evidence of his existence. Mr. Davies says in his notes: "High up on the southwest wall may be seen his insignia, the outlines of an eagle carved on one of the stones and fitted into the wall. Who knows what suggestion or thought caused this humble worker in stone to place it there? He may have lived near the Eagle or Snowdon Mountains in the north of Wales, or he may have had in mind the soaring American eagle, for it is hard to determine which country these Celtic immigrants loved the best."

David Walters quarried the stone for the Wellsboro Court House from a stone quarry near Shumway Hill, and was employed constantly in the erection of the Court House until it was completed. Mr. Thomas Wingate says that Walters also shaped and fitted in place the large capstone over the entrance to the Court House.

In 1833 Thomas Evans and family arrived; in 1840 the Bowen families; in 1841 the Edwards families; in 1842 came David W. Reese, John S. Thomas and John Jones, Sr., father of all the Jones'; in 1851 came the Richard and Davies families; and in 1860 J. J. Rogers and William Rogers. Since that time only two or three new families have come into the settlement.

Many interesting papers for the Historical Society might be written concerning these Welsh settlers and their descendants. Their record during the civil war alone would make a valuable document of local history. There went out from the little tract of nine square miles twenty-five young men who had been born and reared in Welsh Settlement; also many of the original settlers, among them, Lieut. J. J. Rogers, who refused to die, though shot through the body. It is to be hoped that this subject may be pursued further at a later date.

The following sketch by Mr. T. J. Davies is of such general interest that I give it entire:

My father's name was Thomas D. Davies. He was born June 21st, 1812, at Blaencwnlago, Abërgwill, Carmarthen-shire, South Wales. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Jones. Born June 2, 1816, at Llynacroes, Llamhinge-lieveth, Carmarthen-shire, South Wales. They were married in 1838. After marriage they lived at Pontyberem, in the same shire. There was a coal mine near by called Coalbrook. Father operated an incline place at these mines until 1841. One son (John, my elder brother) was born to them during their residence there. Having learend of the settlement in Tioga county, Pa., from their fellow-countrymen who had preceeded them, in the early summer of 1841, in company with some other families who were like-minded, they engaged passage in a sailing vessel.

They bade adieu to all their kindred and friends and to their homeland forever. With all their earthly possessions packed in two deal chests, each two feet wide by two feet deep and three feet long, they bravely launched forth into the uncertain, unknown future to seek a new home and habitation in the wilds of Pennsylvania. A six weeks' voyage on the Atlantic brought them safely to New York, and thence by boat again to Philadelphia, and from there after a long, tedious journey they reached the desired goal, the Welsh Settlement in Charleston township. When they reached here, of the little hoard of gold soverigns, English money, that by thrift and economy they had accumulated in the homeland, after paying their ocean passage money and carefully doling out what was absolutely necessary for the incidental expenses of such a long journey, there remained only one solitary gold sovereign. This fact was known only to the mother who carried the purse and guarded the family treasures. (This was the custom then, and is quite common now among our people.) And right well she guarded them, both the fact and the money; for she had determined in her own mind to cling to that one sovereign as a last resort, in case the worst should happen to her or to any of her dear ones, that she might have at least the means to bear the expense of a Christian burial in this strange new land; for a sovereign would cover much in those days of cheap pine coffins, with no hearse or undertaker, just some kind friend conducting the funeral. Ministers officiated at the funeral of their parishoners without extra pay. All this she knew, for the custom was the same in the homeland among her countrymen.

Father evidently had a vision of a landed estate in this

new country, where land was cheap, with plenty of elbow room, and no doubt was looking forward into the future upon broad cultivated fields and meadows, with ample preserves of woodland, and sparkling brooks meandering through it, with fish and wild game in abundance—something akin to the titled estates of old England, that he had seen many times.

These or similar thoughts were undoubtedly in his mind when he proposed to mother that they buy a goodly tract of wild land in the immediate neighborhood of the Welsh settlers. But after careful consideration they concluded the proposition was not very promising under the circumstances, and were content to turn their faces to Blossburg and the coal mines, where they settled, and abode thereafter for eighteen years. Mother still kept the English coin and father knew not that she had it. Old residents of Blossburg well remember that coin. Money, especially gold, was very scarce as a medium of exchange in that locality in the early days of the old Mallory mines. The principal medium of exchange was store scrip, commonly called "shin-plasters," with a promise to pay in store goods at the Company store printed on its face. This passed current as money, even among the farmers, who accepted it in payment for farm produce and then bought goods from the Company store with it.

I remember well the first time I heard mother tell the story of their coming to this country as I have told it briefly here (for she gave all the details). It was nearly ten years after they came; I was then about seven years old. Conditions were getting better and money more plenty. She told the story to her children in the good old mother tongue (Welsh), for she could speak but very little English at that time. There was no other language spoken in our home circle. The children all understood it thoroughly and could speak and read it fluently. She told the story in her simple, calm, composed manner, just as if the experience she narrated was a thing of common occurrence at that time, and I have no doubt but it was, and that others under similar circumstances fared even worse than they did. She showed us the gold sovereign at the same time, and told its connection with the story. I often heard her tell the story afterwards, but I never saw the coin again, and do not know when she disposed of it; but have often wished since, that I had the sense of maturer years at that time to persuade her to give it to me. I certainly would have preserved it as a souvenir in honor of the heroic fortitude and patient endurance of not only my mother, but of all the brave and noble mothers of that most trying pioneer period.

For 18 years father operated the mechanism in the drum house at the head of the incline plane that let the coal down, in five ton cars, from the mines near the top of the mountain to the Tioga railroad in the valley below. The opening to the mines was about a third of a mile back on the face of the mountain from the plane, all on the east side of the valley. The five-ton dumps were hauled to and fro between the plane and the mines by horse power. The plane was at the steepest place, on a point of the mountain

that projected out westward, and directly opposite the middle bridge over the Tioga river. It was a slightly place, and a conspicuous object for many years, with its drum house perched high up on the mountain and built projectingly out from a rocky shelf, to conform to the trestled approach that led into it. From the operator's window, in his perch that overlooked the plane, it was more than forty feet to the ground. All who approached the town, from either up or down the valley, could see the plane for a long distance, and it always attracted attention, especially when in operation. It was there on that mountain perch, when a lad 10 years old, I earned my first pocket money winding tarred rope into balls, that father used when repairing the incline cable, and my wages were three shillings a day.

In the winter of 1858-9 the Blossburg mines closed down. The following spring father severed his connections with the mining industry and moved to the farm he had purchased in the Welsh Settlement the year before (1858). During their residence at Blossburg two of their children, David and Annie, had died and are buried there. So the family at this time consisted of the parents and four children in the order of their ages, as follows: John, Thomas J., Elizabeth and Maria Ann. The civil war broke out in April, 1861. The daughters were under eleven years of age at this time. On Sept. 18, 1861, Thomas J., aged 18, enlisted in Co. G, 45th Regiment, Pa. Vet. Vols., and served continuously to the close of the war; enlisted as private, commissioned Second Lieutenant January 24th, 1865, wounded in action four times, mustered out of service July 17, 1865. On Sept. 16, 1862, John, aged 21, enlisted in Co. G, 149th Regiment, Pa. Vols. (in Stone's Bucktail Brigade), and served with his regiment until July 1st, 1863, when he was killed in action at the battle of Gettysburg. His body is buried in the national cemetery on that field. In August, 1865, father sold the farm he lived on then and bought the farm that was known as the "Widow Rees farm."

My elder sister, Elizabeth, died in 1867, aged 17 years.

My sister, Maria, married Thomas M. Rees, of Charleston. She died recently. Two children were born to them, to wit, Mr. J. Albert Rees, of Wellsboro, and Miss Ada Rees, at home. My mother died in 1887, aged 77. Father died in 1891, aged 79.

January 14, 1868, I married Jane Lovia Davis, daughter of David S. and Mary Davis, who came to this country from Wales in 1842, and settled near Cherry Flats. There were born to us eight children.

From 1865 to the present time I have resided on the farm where I now live. April 15th, 1891, bought of David E. Bowen his farm, which adjoined mine on the south. Also a few years previous had bought 40 acres of the David G. Edwards estate, adjoining on the north.

The author wishes to acknowledge the kindly assistance of Mr. T. J. Davies and of Mrs. C. L. Miller in the preparation of this paper.

TIOGA COUNTY THEN AND NOW

By ALBERT M. BENNETT

ADDRESS BEFORE THE TIOGA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MARCH 20TH, 1911.

I do not recall that I ever took up a pleasanter task, if I may call it a task, than this one. I was pleased when the invitation came to me to "read a paper" before this Society, for I was born and raised in Tioga county and spent a good part of my active business life as a citizen of it. I personally have had acquaintance with practically every prominent man, socially, politically or otherwise, who were residents here during my sojourn. I saw many of these take their places in the different activities and professions that make up for life on this earth. Some were called to high places, political, as representatives in their state government, as state senators, as well as to the governor's chair. They have represented this district repeatedly in the national House of Representatives and in one instance in the Senate. Its attorneys have been called to seats in the state judiciary and some advanced to commanding positions therein. Their records in the several positions were all that their most sanguine friends could have desired.

Tioga county, small in area, but square on the map, and elsewhere, has always as a county kept every obligation ever made. A scandal concerning its finances was never heard. Its boards of commissioners have always been above the average in honesty and business ability. Its business men, whether at home or abroad, have made good. The percentage of business failure in this county has always been much below the average. There must be some reason for all of this. The life and usefulness of any structure lies first of all in its foundation; that must be conceded. So let's go back one lifetime and see how our forebearers lived and worked to make the foundation for these most desirable results.

It might be well to say now that Tioga county was unusually blessed with nature's stores. The early settlers found its forests stocked with game and its streams with fish. They found forests of stately pine and hemlock with a fair amount of harder woods. The rivers made a highway to place these products in a cash market. The veins or beds of bituminous coal found at Blossburg caused early railroad facilities which were not at that time enjoyed by more populous communities.

This Society, I am sure, has on file all of the statistics concerning Tioga county that are of importance; so if you please, I will attempt to tell you some things about "Then and Now." Naturally your first query will be the date of "then." Well, it will be something like "once on a time."

Dates will have no place in this paper; it will be generalizing in history. With your permission, I will take my immediate family as representative. I shall, therefore, be correct in my statements and will not be obliged to draw on my imagination for my facts. Besides they were good average settlers and varied from others only in their reason for coming here.

My maternal grandfather, Sumner Wilson, came from Belchertown, Massachusetts, in 1818, driving the whole distance in a two-horse sleigh. He brought a wife and six children, and a few pieces of household furniture. His particular reason for coming to Tioga county was the failure of his health and the statement that in the pine forests of northern Pennsylvania he would find curative qualities in the air for his malady. He took up a farm of about four hundred acres, two miles north of Covington, on the river. A two-room log house was soon erected, with the assistance of other settlers, and the family comfortably housed. A natural meadow on the flats made him grazing ground for his stock and a quantity of hay for the winter, but above all it was a feeding ground for deer. They could replenish their larder at any time by simply going there in early morning and taking their choice. As many as five deer have been seen there at one time. Maple trees furnished the sweetening for the family. Their tea came from Williamsport and was brought by the semi-weekly post-rider. The spinning wheel and loom were their basis for clothing. A beef's and calf's hide sent to a tannery and properly tanned and curried was the material for their shoes and boots. A traveling shoemaker went from house to house by appointment, carrying his bench and tools with a small assortment of lasts, some of his own fashioning; a block of wood, from which he cut and sharpened his own pegs, did the rest.

Clearing land in those days was a very strenuous proposition. The timber had been long in growing. It was immense in size and deeply rooted. It was all they could do to cut, burn and log for crop fields. For pasture they simply cut a ring of bark off around the base of the tree and let it dry out, or simply bleed to death. Then with the underbrush cut out there soon came in a grass on which the stock could pasture in the spring, summer and fall.

Getting about was a laborious proposition. Roads were not laid out by civil engineers. They simply developed, and not always over the easiest grades. Low places were corduroyed with trunks of small trees. These in extreme wet spells would almost float like a pontoon bridge. The teams passing over them must necessarily carry light loads. They would average at least four ox teams to one horse team. In a new, undeveloped country an ox team is much more serviceable and no one thought of speed in those days. Riding horses were much used. Saddles could be found in every family, and were the means of visits between neighbors.

Well, this farm was eventually paid for by cutting the pine timber into lumber, rafting it and running it in about twelve-platform rafts to Corning, then, putting two sections

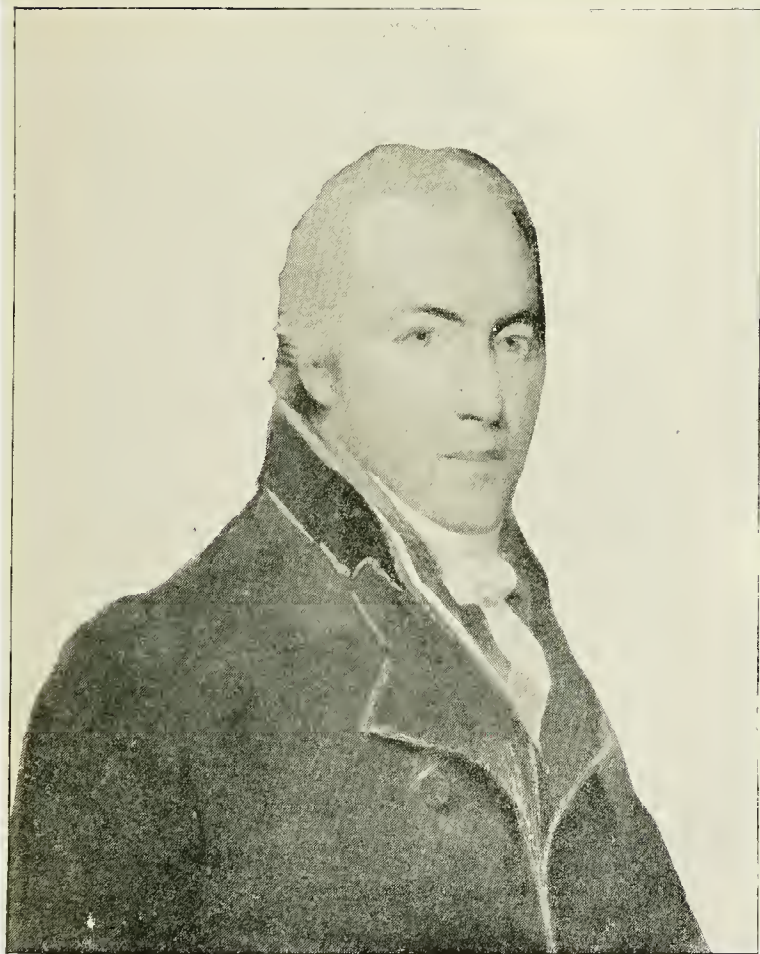
together, they were taken through to Tioga Point, (now Athens) when it was again combined into a still larger raft and run through to Northumberland, which was then a great lumber market. The raftsmen were obliged to walk from Williamsport to Blossburg on their return trip and then ride in open cars to their destination on the Tioga road. Long after the Tioga railroad was put in operation all lumber sent to central Pennsylvania and to Baltimore was rafted. With good luck the cost was small, comparing with railroad freight.

My first recollection is of a large house, for those days, with not a stove in it. A large stack chimney, built of stone in the center of the house, carried fire places on all sides of it. The kitchen and dining-room, combined, had an immense fire-place with a swinging crane and its pot-hooks and trammels to raise or lower the pots and kettles over the wood fires. A large "Dutch oven,"—simply a tin, reflecting, scoop-like concern, could be placed on the hearth. An iron rod, removable, on which the meats or poultry were impaled, with a dripping-pan underneath, made an ideal place for roasting meats. The meats were roasted, not baked, and the result was much better. A large oven built in the chimney flanked the fire-place. Its capacity was twenty loaves of bread or pies. As I recall it, they were always eating in that house.

My father was a farmer, and also engaged in lumbering. The mill hands changed at midnight and were served with a hot supper. No breakfast foods (so-called) were on the market then. There could be a greater diversity in the meals served, but there was plenty of it, and more, too.

No one had heard of an eight-hour day then. The theory that a man or woman must have eight hours for sleep, eight hours for recreation and eight hours labor only, had not yet been thought out. It was practically a fourteen-hour day to all of them. It was a case of hustle, and then hustle some more, and keep everlastingly at it. The system then has made it possible for the present generation to enjoy many comforts that would otherwise have been denied them. It was a good start in life for anyone to be born under such conditions, and with such surroundings. It produced men and women who could do things worth while.

In those days everything, the houses, the roads, and above all, the school-houses, were of the most primitive kind. There were very few churches. Religious services were held almost universally in the school-houses, outside of the larger villages. Religious services consisted of long sermons based on everlasting punishment for the erring. Not so much for sins committed in the flesh as for lack of judgment in not following in all their sinuosity the particular tenets of the church to which this particular preacher belonged. Possibly at "early candle light" another minister, from the same teacher's desk in the same old school-house, would map out for you an entirely different plan, agreeing only in one point, "flee from the wrath of God," and the usual imprecations on false belief and its teachers. Their prayers were of similar construction. They approach-



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ed God apparently as a Hindu does his idol to appease it. A jolly professor of religion then was unknown.

The school-houses in many instances were log and with a fire-place. This assured ventilation if not heat in all parts of the building. No two scholars had the same books, and for that matter, many of them had none. Entering the school-room when school was in session, you stopped at the door long enough to attract the teacher's attention. If a boy, you removed your cap and made a bow to him. If a girl, you dropped him a courtesy and then took your seat. All classes were called out to read, spell or recite and made to toe a certain crack in the floor. Reading classes, coming first, commenced with the most advanced. In the middle of the session were recitations, ending with the spelling classes. In case of a miss in spelling, the word went down the line until properly spelled, when the winner took his place above the first one to miss. In a long class, it was sometimes quite a strife to "leave off head."

Teachers ruled the school entirely by "gad" power. There were no black marks for misconduct, except those made by the whip. A water-beech that has been treated with hot ashes on the hearth made as fine a "blacksnake" as could well be imagined, and I did not have to ask anyone to get that information. I recall one teacher who made a rule that punishment would follow swearing on the school grounds. Well, one morning in helping out in a game of "two-old-cat," a ball caught him on the end of a finger and doubled it up. Without a moment's delay, he cut loose a volley of oaths. When school was called, a committee of big boys called his attention to the fact. He immediately removed his coat and took his flogging right then and there, before the assembled school, without a word of dissent, his own brother doing the job. Writing schools and schools in geography were common in those days, being usually conducted by peripatetic teachers who held the classes evenings in the regular school house. But it was not all work in those days.

Among the minor opportunities for enjoyment were "quiltings," when the women worked in the afternoon, and discussed the local gossip, and the men came in the evening for a small dance that generally followed. Apple-cuts were made the excuse for another meeting of the sexes with more dancing, for dancing in those days was not considered a very great crime. It seemed to that generation almost a sin to meet together for recreation without first accomplishing something useful. It was at these little neighborhood meetings, that take the place of the minor social functions of to-day, that many a troth was plighted, as your ancestors could have told you had it occurred to them.

The great day of the year was the Fourth of July. I have a keen recollection of those times from my earliest days. Immediately in front of my home was a fine butter-nut grove on an island, and it was there for years that this celebration was held. It was a picnic dinner, shooting of cannon, singing by combined choirs and speaking galore. What was said about George the 1Vth and more particularly the "Hessians," would be almost unprintable to-day,

and the funny part of it was that these fiery addresses were usually made by clergymen. Some of them were certainly masters of invective.

The winter in the average prosperous farm house was quite as busy as the summer, the women spinning and weaving, the men caring for their stock, husking their corn and threshing—all done by hand. The sound of the pounding of the flail commenced in November, and some farmers continued at times all through the winter threshing the grain as they needed it or the straw. At the same time the farmer was getting the woodshed filled with good maple wood. It certainly was a busy life, if not eventful, and do you know, I cannot recall ever meeting, or for that matter ever hearing, of a male socialist or a female suffragist. "There was a reason."

The country store of those days was also primitive. Absolute necessities composed the largest part of their stock. They all did an exchange or harter business. Their direct handling of money was negligible; eventually, however, the harter would reach a cash market. A merchant in those days would take the old strap railroad, go to Corning, take a canal packet to Albany, and by boat to New York. Goods came to Corning on the canal. You could not ship them every day. You were obliged to hunt up a boat for Corning, and sometimes it would be a week before you found one. In from two or three weeks you would get the merchandise. The goods came in open box-cars, sometimes covered by a slip of canvass, at others exposed to the weather. It was obligatory to get into the store before the close of navigation sufficient stock to last through until it opened again in the spring. The stores were closed for a day or two, stock marked and put in order, then there was a rush for a few days. All housekeepers knew that when the stock was broken and selections gone they could not be replaced.

Postage in those days was based on the distance a letter traveled. Every post-office had a book computing the distance between the larger towns and cities. They billed and rated their letters the same as an express agent does his packages to-day, way-billing all letters to the postoffice to which the letter was addressed. You could prepay the postage or send it collect on delivery. Postage seems to us to have been preposterously high then. I have in my possession four old letter covers folded and sealed with wafers. They were mailed in 1837 from the Adjutant General's Office in Harrisburg to Major E. B. Gerould, Springfield, Bradford county, a distance not exceeding 150 miles. They were prepaid. On one marked $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce the postage was 37 cents; one weighing one ounce 74 cents, another one and one-half ounces \$1.11, and the other two and three-fourths ounces \$2.03 $\frac{1}{2}$. It's hardly necessary to say that no merchandise was mailed in those days.

Reference has been made to the railroad that was built from Corning to Blossburg. It was originally planned to make the Tioga river navigable for coal boats by dams, making what was known as a slack-water canal. Surveys showed the scheme to be impracticable for many reasons.

The railroad was then surveyed. The grade as it neared Blossburg, although less than one-half per cent., was counted formidable. At that time there was no set of engineers' plans and tables to refer to. Railroadng was in its creative period and it was a case of cut and try. This railroad by standard of to-day was also very primitive. A fair grade was set, but to avoid present expense, as the saying was then, they ran around "all pine stumps over three feet in diameter. Well, curves in those days were not as objectionable as now, as none of the cars exceeded twelve to fifteen feet in length, mostly less. They placed heavy hewed timber mudsills as a foundation; on these rested ties split quartering. A scarf was cut into the ties in which was placed eight-inch square oak timbers, and wedged. There was no earth used as grading between ties. On these timbers was spiked a strap rail. The engines were built on wooden frames with a pair of trucks forward, which were rigid, being attached by pedestal to the frame. A single pair of drivers, 60 inches in diameter, were also attached to the frame by pedestal. These engines had no cowcatchers, bell, sand-box, cab, whistle or headlight. Their weight was approximate to seven tons. In case of a wet track two men sat on the front with buckets of sand and distributed it on the rails as best they could. The engineer and fireman were without any protection. The coal was all carried in small cars of five-ton capacity, and was mined on the East Hill at Blossburg, and was brought down to the grade by an inclined plane.

The first passenger coach was imported from England. It had side doors and a capacity of sixteen people, one-half of them riding backwards. The first coach body built for this road was in service a few years ago on the Arnot branch. It was exhibited in Chicago a number of years ago at the Exposition, as "the oldest railroad coach now existing."

In those days there was almost an universal use of liquors. There were no laws interfering with their manufacture or sale. Practically every store, grocery and hotel had it on sale. The cost of whisky at the distilleries was only 18 cents a gallon. It was retailed at five cents a pint, ten cents a quart, thirty cents a gallon. Four people could drink, at an ordinary bar for 10 cents. The roadside houses abounded. They were to be found between all towns of any importance. Road travel was much greater than now. Very few teams passed a hotel without stopping, yet as I recall it there was very little drunkenness. My experience has been that that depends more on the individual than on the agency.

Well, now we will consider what part Tioga county in its personal has taken in the development of this great country. Its residents have fought in every war since the Declaration of Independence, and in three families at least their forebearers fought in the old French and Indian War previous to that time. Many of us, even of mature years, do not recognize how young this government really is. When it was organized the plan was so unusual and unique that even those who predicted its downfall were not blame-

able. Yet to-day its present form has been adopted in practically every country south of us. In France its success has long been assured. In Portugal and Turkey they are making a brave attempt to make a success of it. Russia, Austria and Germany are the only real monarchical governments left. England, Norway and Sweden are a limited form of this kind of government. The rulers, however, like our presidents, are practically executive officers only. While "Old Glory" is to-day the oldest flag in its original form now existent, all other civilized nations have changed theirs since its adoption.

Tioga county contained in my boyhood days a number of Revolutionary soldiers, and it's easy for the present generation to imagine that they had front position at all of the Fourth of July celebrations, and listened to words of loving approval and praise by the orators of those particular days. Tioga county has also had as residents people who fought on the English side during that war, as well as in the War of 1812. At the particular age that all boys reach, if they have red blood in their veins, it used to cause a coterie of us an unlimited amount of fun to get together a couple of men who had fought on the opposite sides in the war of 1812. Under proper conditions a very animated wordy contest could be stimulated, which would certainly lead to a personal collision when the old Englishman would finally refer to a wound that the American had received at the battle of La Coles Mill, in Canada, in which they were contestants, which he positively could not have received if he had been facing the enemy. These collisions were always averted by the referees standing by; and then peace was declared over the drinks until the next meeting.

An old resident of Tioga county stood on the dock in the city of New York when Fulton started for Albany with the Clermont, the first steamboat to commercially move by steam power, and as he naively put it, his father kept insisting that he could not move it with kettles, even after it was out in the river and headed up stream.

The Mexican war was fought mainly by the regulars, with some state troops. It was not generally approved by the residents in the Northern states. It was to all intents a war of conquest to secure more slave territory. At least two Tioga county men served with the regulars, going with Scott to the City of Mexico, and returned unharmed. The treaty following the war turned over an immense territory to the United States. The discovery of gold in California made it the land of promise to eastern people, and many men started, some without knowing where California was on the map or how to reach it. One of the first was Mr. Jacob Scheiffelin, of Tioga, who did know. In February, 1849, he left New York on the ship Morrison, with his two sons, Alfred and Girard. He took with him a stock of merchandise, including drugs, that would be the most serviceable in a new country. He also took a portable store building, already to be set up on his arrival. The trip was most tempestuous, commencing off Hatteras. They made two stops, at Rio Janerio and Callao. Seven months and ten days' time was taken from New York to San Francisco. He

found it a city of tents. There were no wharves to come alongside. Labor to unload his stock could not be procured even at \$20 per day. He sold his store and stock on board and returned with his sons, by the Isthmus route, riding mule back to Gorgonzana; thence by native canoes or dugouts down the river to Chagans; thence by steamer to Havana, thence to New York.

From 1849 for a full decade Tioga county sent a large number of people into the gold fields, some via sailing vessels around Cape Horn, others via the Isthmus route. Commodore Vanderbilt opened up a new route, known as Tauhentupsk route, over which a Tioga county woman went on the first trip, while a few took the ox teams and prairie schooners west over the plains and through the mountain passes, suffering more privations and taking a longer period of time than by the other routes mentioned. Very few remained in California permanently. Most of them did well and returned to their eastern homes, never dreaming of the enormous agricultural possibilities of the Pacific slope.

When the Australian gold fever became acute quite a number of Tioga county people went on that long trip. Of a party of five who left Covington, only two returned. Tioga county men helped build the Panama railroad, which had the record of a dead workman to every tie laid. Of one party of four engaged by a contractor in this county, only one returned, and he brought his death warrant with him.

But if ever you will be proud of your county it will be fifty years ago next April. That was the most magnificent upheaval of righteous indignation and patriotism the world ever saw. The action of the South was entirely uncalled for. There was no disposition, no intention on the part of the North to in any way interfere with any of their institutions. The trouble on their part was wholly imaginative. It really commenced after the passage of the Wilmot Proviso, providing a northern bountary for slavery. After its passage slaves could not be held if allowed to pass through any of the states north of Mason and Dixon's line. Previous to that time if they ran away from the South to a northern state the United States marshals would hunt them and, if found, return them from any and all of the states. Although unintentional at the time, it was the real and primary cause of the abolition of slavery. Aren't you glad that little Tioga county was in the congressional district that elected David Wilmont to Congress?

The election of Lincoln was made the pretense and South Carolina the field of action. This was not that state's first clash with the federal authorities. When Andrew Jackson was President, they attempted to nullify some federal statutes by state laws, but "by the Eternal," as the President put it, they were soon rescinded. It was not believed in the North that this movement could possibly receive the united support of the South. But it did, eventually. When the wires brought the news of the firing on Sumter for a moment the North was paralyzed. Then came the unheaval. Conservative men became most radical, while the radicals went wild with anger. You could hardly exchange words with men without tears coming to the eyes, and they were

not tears of sorrow, simply superlative anger. The call of troops came. Planting and seeding were forgotten. The villages became the daily center of the nearby population. Companies were being formed in every direction. Their rosters were filled in a day, and then it was on to Harrisburg to be consolidated into regiments and armed and equipped. It was a general outpouring. It was not the state's fault that they could not equip them and were obliged to send a great many of them back to their homes. Every effort was put forward by the state authorities under Andrew G. Curtin, the War Governor, and very soon uniforms and equipment began to accumulate only to be promptly put into use, for the men stepped forward as needed and continued to do so for the next four years. As a Southerner put it to me years afterward, "Where did you dig up so many people to send south and at the same time seemed to leave plenty at home? I reckon we tackled too big a job."

Well, its not the province of this paper to tell you what Tioga county men did in that war. We know that they made steady-going consistent soldiers, who did all mortal man could do when called upon. They were, as a rule, commanded by their boyhood companions, yet the discipline was always good. A German, a civil engineer, who had served his time in the Saxony department of the German army, and without doubt representing the German government, was attached to the construction corps of Sherman's army on his grand march. He said he had the utmost distrust of the fighting ability of the company of about sixty men, acting as their guard, owing to the apparent lack of war-time discipline. In a few days he had reason to change his mind. In placing a bridge over a ravine they were attacked by a gang of guerrillas. He said, in a minute there was as pretty a fight on as he ever saw, and under conditions that would have made continental troops appear foolish. He said they fought as units and got results, and impressed him so much that he made it the subject of a paper to his home commandant, giving him full details of the manner of attack and the manner of the repulse. That company was all recruited and officered in Tioga county. Field Marshall Von Moltke insisted that nothing was to be gained by sending military attaches to join the Union armies. "It was only a couple of armed mobs in collision." To-day in England, France and Germany their military schools use Sherman's march to the sea as an object lesson of moving an army; flanking formidable positions; all the time keeping a supply of provisions and ammunition, and covering such a long distance from a real base of supplies.

A Tioga county man as captain, with his company, was one of three advanced companies in front of the position that Pickett charged at Gettysburg, and he said that they held the enemy up for a moment, and made them deploy skirmishers to dislodge them. At the siege of Petersburg, we know in a general way what Tioga county men did and suffered, and of some individual cases of heroism that would have pinned on them the Victoria Cross in England or the Golden Eagle of Germany, if they had occurred in their

armies. We have one gratification that during the entire war no Tioga county man was ever placarded as a coward. I never knew of but one deserter, and if you will pardon me I will tell you how that happened and throw a little side-light on the noblest Roman of them all—Abraham Lincoln. One day S. F. Wilson, when in the State Legislature, had a caller, a Tioga county man, who told him that he had a dispatch that his son was to be shot for desertion, and he wanted Wilson to go on to Washington with him and see if it was not possible to have the execution either delayed or stopped. Wilson knew he could be of no use with Stanton, then Secretary of War, so he advised the father to go direct to the White House and put the case up to the President, which he did. When brought into his presence, the President saw a man six feet three inches tall, dressed in home-made clothes, heavy cow-hide boots and a tall hat of unknown vintage, carrying one of those old monstrosities, a flowered carpet bag. His face was rugged and grand in its absolute homeliness. It didn't take Lincoln long to size him up. His boy might be a deserter; possibly, but if he was, he certainly was a large rebate from his sire. The old man, when brought face to face with the President, through nervous strain and unusual surroundings, as he afterwards expressed it, just broke down. The President led him to a seat and took a place beside him, assuring him that if the son was like his father there certainly was a mistake somewhere, and that under no circumstances would he be executed. With this as encouragement, the old gentleman found himself. The story was soon told. The boy, for some trifling error, was being disciplined by a short confinement in the guardhouse, which was a tent on the immediate bank of the Cumberland river. A comrade was standing guard; the day had been unusually warm. It was evening. The prisoner simply slipped out under the side walls to paddle around in the water to cool off. Just as he got into the water the guard was changed, the prisoner found missing, and hearing a noise in the stream, they challenged and getting no reply opened fire. The boy dove under water and struck out for the middle of the stream. Going as far as he could, he came to the surface right alongside a Confederate guard boat and was taken on board. He had to decide instantly that he was a deserter, for if not a deserter he would be classed as a spy, which meant death on their side of the river, and the same penalty, if he was caught again after desertion on the other side. He was taken ashore, made to put on a Confederate uniform, and mustered into their ranks, and was captured by a scouting party of his own regiment within thirty-six hours. Speedy trial and quick sentence came from it. The reasonableness of the story appealed to the President, and pardon was promised. Then, as the old man afterwards said, they had "a real good visit." They found they had started in life under about the same surroundings. The final of the "good visit" came about by President Lincoln suggesting that they stand up back to back and see who was the taller. As the old man related it afterwards, "They said Mr. Lincoln was a little might the taller, but that I was the best looking."

Sounds like Lincoln, doesn't it? Well, the boy was back in the ranks again in a few days and remained until the close of the war.

Quite a number of Tioga county men were incarcerated in Andersonville prison. They were former members of the 11th Pa. Cavalry. I saw them after the exchange when they arrived in Tioga village. What a sight it was! Men whom I had seen go away not so long before, the picture of health, returned absolute physical wrecks. It has been a mooted question since that time whether their treatment was not unusually harsh. I knew one man who could answer that question. Through the assistance of Judge Cameron I got his address and wrote him, putting the question and asking for an unequivocal answer, and here it is: "Concerning Andersonville, as you know I was there nearly a year, and each day of that time I imagine I witnessed more suffering, more sickness and death than you, perhaps, have in all your lifetime. The quantity we had to eat was starvation and the quality death. No doubt the Confederates were pressed in a way to furnish us what they did. Still, it always looked to me as though they tried to put us in the grave by withholding from us just what we needed so much—sweet potatoes, which were abundant. We were dying from just such food. There were about fifty of our regiment there, and still there, except about nineteen."

I might go on indefinitely concerning these instances of suffering and heroism. These stories and others must be preserved for future generations, and this Society must be the agent to care for them. That's what we were organized for.

It is doubtful if there was a general engagement during the war that reached the magnitude of a battle that did not have a Tioga county man in it, and, as has been intimated before, they always did their full duty and honored the county of their residence as well as themselves. One Tioga county veteran told me that from the time they started into the Wilderness he had a hot gun in his hand for twenty-eight consecutive days. The chaplains of the regiments, those supposed meek and prayerful men, showed in every instance no fear for themselves. They were always on the firing line, giving all the aid in their power, both personal and spiritual. A resident of Wellsboro believes he owes his life to Chaplain J. F. Calkins, known to many of you. The soldier was shot through a lung. The Chaplain insisted upon his being treated by the surgeon, who simply said they were to treat wounded men, not dead men. The Chaplain's protest prevailed and saved a good man to his family and a good citizen to the county.

Tioga county holds the record of having one of the very first men killed in the war in George Cook, at Dranesville. While that war might have been carried to a successful conclusion without Tioga county men, it's certain they did their full share towards a victory.

At the conclusion of the conflict there had to be a general re-shaping of all business deals, owing to the changes in value as rated by good values. At one time it would have taken \$2,400 in greenbacks to buy \$1,000 in gold coin.

As the change to parity came back slowly, but irresistibly, failure came on apace. Business fortunes were wrecked. Personal and family expenses had to be cut. The next decade was one of woe and humiliation to many a businessman, who saw the earnings of a lifetime sponged out. The bankruptcy court was established and its dockets were crowded. Wages had reached a high point, owing to the scarcity of laborers and the high cost of living. This also righted itself, as it was bound to, and eventually the bottom was reached and the reaction set in.

The foreign press, which had been watching the conflict, was almost unanimously in favor of the secession. Its wise politicians in their own minds could see looming up an unusual and overshadowing republic, likely to eclipse in its size and its population and its resources any of the other nations of the globe. It was to be seen that if it could be divided their mutual jealousies would keep them both busy at home and neither could hope to be a world power. Apomattox stopped that line of thought. Then these foreigners shuddered at the excesses that would be abroad in this fair land when the two million hirelings were disbanded, and turned loose without employment. Well, we all know how Tioga county suffered. The veterans came home and were greeted by their families and friends. They quietly settled down in the grooves of every day life and seemed to forget their hardships.

Tioga county was fortunate, as has been said, in its natural resources. It was also fortunate in the class of early settlers, and those who came afterward. It would be safe to say that the settlers could not have been improved upon, and when you think of it, they were a cosmopolitan lot. Yankees from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, eastern and central New York. Down county Germans and Dutch settled in the Block House, (now Liberty) and took up farming to a man; a thrifty lot of people they were, too. I recall Judge Vail going over to Liberty at one time when Tioga county was placing a loan. He simply met those people one Saturday afternoon by appointment. In a little talk he explained to them the necessities of the county, and the absolute security of the loan, and his authority for taking subscriptions for the fund. The Commissioners furnished him a lot of blank receipts, and he attempted to fill them out, but the crowd was too great; they simply handed him the money and asked him to put down their names and the amount. Some of them did not get their receipts for a long time. Tioga county got the money, and it got nearly forty per cent. of the loan in Liberty township. Very few farmers banked their money in those days, and some of them had unusual receptacles to keep it at home.

Then there was the Scotch contingent. The greater part of these came originally to Blossburg as miners. They were a sane, hard-headed, thrifty lot of people, who worked every day in the week except Sunday, and that day was as regularly observed as ever the covenants of old observed it. You heard very little of them in those days. You have heard more of them since, through their descendants. The

Dunsmores, the Pollocks, the Camerons and the Gilmores were among the many and the ones easiest for me to recall.

The Welsh miners, I think, preceded the Scotch slightly in time of arrival. They were the same kind of people, sober, industrious, God-fearing men and women, who lived right and were right. The Welsh Settlement was an outcome of it. There need nothing more be said concerning them. You all know them or their descendants. They are your neighbors, your fellow-citizens and bear honored names, as they deserve.

Then, but not least, came the Irish. Mostly as day laborers. Their opportunities for a general education in Ireland had been practically nothing. As soon as they got a job here their money was carefully saved, until another one of the family could be sent for, and then to send for the third, and so on, until the whole family was eventually brought together again in this, their new country. They easily became acclimated. Their condition in Ireland had been so sorry, and their opportunities so slight, that they left it with no regrets and, after their families joined them, with no desire to return.

As time passed along these different families by marriage and inter-marriage of different nationalities became a homeogenous class of people, in which the better survived, and with industry as a keynote. Now, given a locality as started and populated in the manner spoken of, the result could never be in doubt.

Every time I set my foot in Tioga county I can note steady progress—well tilled farms, much better stock, particularly dairy stock. Roads that were formerly almost impassable are now more than satisfactory; the little school-houses are scattered about, neatly painted. The villages or boroughs, to use the old English designation, have made steady advances. Well made streets, in many cases macadamized, and a general appearance of tidiness and thrift is apparent in their personal and municipal make-up.

Reading this paper over, I am not satisfied with it, and will not blame you if you are not. There was such a wealth of material that I was obliged to leave out. To me now it seems as if the present generation in Tioga county is pressing steadily forward. To-day I heard one of the younger generation of Tioga county farmers talk learnedly of the "balanced ration" he was feeding his cows, and the result. He told Mr. Tubbs and me of his new barn, of its sanitary conditions and appliances. Tioga county is headed right and has been for a number of decades. Here's hoping it continues!



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